

# THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

Vol. XXIX    September 12, 1912    Number 37

## SAFETY THROUGH STRENGTH

BY J. H. JOWETT



THE FREEMASONRY  
OF SOULS  
AN EDITORIAL

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**THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY**

700 E. 40th St., Chicago



# The Christian Century

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON AND HERBERT L. WILLETT. . . . . EDITORS

## The Freemasonry of Souls



WHY HAVE CHURCHES? RELIGION IS a spiritual matter. It is devoutness toward God, mercy toward men and purity in the heart. What has going to church to do with this? Why not worship God under the open sky, in field or park, or in the home? Why not be content to keep the mind free of evil and filled with clean thoughts and extend the open hand of kindness to our brothers?

It is said that Jesus organized no church. He had, indeed, very little to do with the church, except to expose its leaders. He wore no vestments. No acolytes carried his train, or marched before him with the insignia of a new or an old religion. A preacher, yet he held no official position. A boat was his pulpit or a smooth rock on the hillside. He never asked men to go to church or to join one. He appointed no "days" or services. He wrote no Bible. He preached the kingdom of God, an ideal republic of souls, not an organized institution with officials arranged in a hierarchy. And, as if to make yet more individual his message, he declared that this kingdom was within men, not outward and observable and ostentatious.

Why have churches, then? It would almost seem as if our conventional church arrangements are a sheer appendage to the Christianity of Christ.

But let us look a bit further into what Christ did. He did get men together. Their getting together was informal; his own person was the unifying factor of their company. He called men to follow him and they found themselves forthwith in a social company of others who had likewise been called. He knew that the social give and take among his disciples was necessary in order for his message to be understood and to become effective in their lives. He kept these men near to him and near to one another. They shared life in common. There was no ritual, no plan for an institution. There was just this gathering of men together to talk over what their life might mean at bottom, to learn from the one who was able to teach, to question one another on the meanings of his instruction, and to plan together how they could teach others and help others. This Jesus did do: he brought men together, to think and pray and plan and work together.

This is not the least of the secrets of Christianity's power: it presupposes that the best goods of life are procured through a social exchange, and it provides a way for this exchange to take place. The religion of Jesus is not just an individual experience but a social experience—socially conditioned and socially expressed. Being a Christian is not to go away from the world to think and think, but to think in company, to talk one's thoughts, to listen to others talk their thoughts and to plan to make the big, common, social thought a practical reality in the world.

And the church is just this spiritual intercourse taking place. It is the organized freemasonry of the Spirit.

Within this freemasonry men are held not by an aesthetic bond—a similarity in tastes or an equality in culture, nor by an aristocratic bond—an equality

in caste or wealth. "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." Nor is it an intellectual bond—an agreement in a creedal statement of truth. The church is the one level upon which man meets man, where the accidents and devices that separate them, soul from soul, in business, in society, in education—where all these barriers are broken down and the really human in us holds communion with the really human in others. We are all one in Christ Jesus, bound and held together by the one Spirit.

It is this freemasonry of souls that gives meaning and argument to everything we do in the church. What we call the ordinances possess value so far as they promote this free fellowship. The great argument for baptism is not that Christ commanded it, but that man needs it. The young church would have been compelled to invent it had not Christ instructed his disciples to administer it. Baptism is the initiation of a soul into this fraternity. It marks with a beautiful symbol his self-commitment to the common life. It is his oath of allegiance to the republic of the Spirit.

The Lord's Supper, too, possesses value because it aids in maintaining the communal spirit. The common loaf, the common cup, the common Christ of whom we all partake—it is more than a feast of memory, it is a fraternal sacrament, it is the holy altar of the freemasonry of souls.

In this view how meaningful are our gatherings together in the house of God! What lack in the lives of those who refuse to assemble with their brothers on the level of the Spirit! The singing together, the praying together, the thinking together, the resolving together, the working together—this togetherness of our religion is the essence of it. Who can sing the "Hallelujah Chorus" alone? If closet prayer has certain values that public prayer does not possess, let us also freely grant that there is a unique thrill and uplift, an enlargement and enriching of soul, in social prayer.

And the prayer meeting, treated with neglect if not contempt by ninety-five per cent of the Christian people, what an ideally beautiful occasion it might be! It is the soul's big chance. Here even the distinction between the teacher and those taught is broken down and all are teachers and all are taught. It is here that the freemasonry of souls is meant to find its most characteristic expression. The weak show their weakness and the strong lend their strength. Self-importance and self-seeking have no place. We are gathered together on this level because we are souls with aspirations aching in us, with great deep needs for companionship and faith. In our individual lives some of us blunder along in the valley. Some climb bravely up the steep ascent. Rare souls achieve the heights and stand above us with the golden crown of the morning upon their heads.

But the church is the level, invisible upland upon which stumblers and climbers and those who dwell in the heights stand together, each giving to all, each taking from all the courage and power of victory.

## Social Survey

BY ORVIS F. JORDAN.

### The Passing of General Booth

William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, is dead. He arose from the ranks of English yeomanry and before his death was entertained by royalty in several countries and was given an honorary degree by Oxford University. He has been declared by an enthusiastic Frenchman to be more than an Englishman. "You belong to humanity," was the tribute given.

General Booth came up among the Methodists. Religion among them seemed as much stereotyped as did religion among the Episcopalians to John Wesley. There was to be found piety, but piety of a sort ill adapted to meet the present needs of the world. General Booth struck out boldly to create the organization that would reach the unchurched masses of the city.

It is to the honor of General Booth that he was the first great religious leader to combine successfully the passion of religious devotion with the sympathy and service of the modern social program. It is to the latter that the world pays tribute. The theology of the Salvation Army has never commanded serious attention. Aesthetics of worship have been ruthlessly sacrificed and the big drum of the army has added a doubtful interest to the movement. It is when we tell the story of the social service that we find the element which has won the heart of the world.

The Salvation Army maintains over a hundred rescue homes. It has over two hundred shelter and food depots, and five hundred other social institutions of various types. It supplies in the course of a year ten million free meals and five million free beds. In every large city the ministry of this organization has commanded respectful attention. We are most familiar with the girl who stands on the street corner at Christmas with her dinner pot, soliciting funds for Christmas dinner. This, however, is one of the smallest of their tasks. At every army post are to be found men who have been truly saved. What terror of the law failed to do, what conventional religion passed by, has been gloriously brought to pass by the Christlike love and sympathy of the Salvation Army.

### The Recruiting of the City

On Labor Day, the writer joined in a picnic of former residents of a central Illinois village, Sibley. This picnic was made possible by the fact that there are now in Chicago more citizens of the Sibley of twenty years ago than are left behind in the village. The village is the same size or a little smaller. Chicago has meanwhile trebled her population. In the city are to be found many similar picnic organizations. They indicate the direction of our movements of population. This tendency to recruit great cities is growing rather than lessening. We have yet to see the ultimate city. That it will be far larger than the greatest city of the present day, we may be free to prophecy.

### The Whiskey Fallacies

The stock arguments of the crowd in favor of licensed saloons are shown by events to be very weak. We have been told with great assurance that a no-license law could not be enforced. Virginia Brooks, the young woman reformer of West Hammond, Illinois, is just now busy showing that where there is even one citizen with backbone, the law can be enforced and that in the midst of the very worst immigrant conditions. The saloonists have persistently stated that there was more liquor sold in dry communities than in wet.

Yet they have not explained why the breweries spend so much money to carry a local option election. If it were more profitable for a town to go dry, we might expect to see the saloon-keepers joining the ranks of the no-license contingent. The saloonist has further argued that whiskey will always be drunk. This was once the view of the country, even of the preachers. The great army of the total abstainers is the answer to this slur on human nature. The alcohol curse in America is no more respectable than the opium curse in China. They are solving the opium problem in China by arranging that there shall be no more opium sold.

The cure for the saloon in this country is to be found in like

radical methods of extermination. It is too late in the history of civilization to call the protecting of weak citizens paternalism. It is fraternalism.

### What the Archbold Accusation Means

The investigation of the charges brought by Archbold against Roosevelt have abundantly proven one thing already, a very different thing than was intended. Whether Roosevelt allowed himself to be elected by Standard Oil money or not—and we believe he did not—the confession of Archbold stands as evidence that big business has guilty complicity in the work of electing public officials. One journal speaks of the invisible government of special privilege. That there was such an odious control of public affairs in America by great corporations was once the discredited theory of muck-raking magazines. Now it is the shameless statement of one of the greatest American leaders in high finance.

It is high time that America awoke to the seriousness of the situation. The eyes of the world are upon us. A great cloud of witnesses waits to see whether there is left in America that quality of manhood that will save the democratic institutions inherited from the fathers for the further blessing of mankind.

### Parade for Righteousness

On the 28th of September will take place the next great civic parade in the streets of Chicago in behalf of righteousness and purity. These parades have been great successes in recent years and at one, not long since, General Grant led the march. Floats appear in the line of march setting forth dramatically the great reforms. Banners bring an indictment against evil conditions in the city that make everybody think.

It is hoped this year there will be 20,000 in battle array. It is proposed that there shall be five hundred preachers in the march in solid phalanx. The demonstration aroused the frantic opposition of the saloons in former years, which is one of the best of evidences that they feel that the plan is effective. It pays to advertise and the work of temperance, purity and righteousness has never had a more effective presentation in the city than that given by the annual parade.

### The Trouble in Central America

Countries of Central and South America seem to be realizing at last what the United States has done for them through the operation of the Monroe Doctrine. Two Central American states are peevish because other states were getting more benefit than they, and they seized property belonging to an American syndicate. United States marines were hastily landed to protect American rights. Honduras and Nicaragua, through exploitation and graft, are in debt over their heads. They saw the benefits Santo Domingo is receiving by having the United States collect her revenue. The United States turns half the receipts over to the creditors, and gives the other half to the Dominican Government. This half is more than the native government was able, because of graft, to collect altogether. Nicaragua and Honduras wished to make a similar arrangement, but congress refused its sanction and the commerce and industry of the two states became utterly demoralized. The United States may have to take charge of revenue collections until the states can again stand on their feet.

### Humanity's Needs

Many the creeds, since time began  
Both here and o'er the seas;  
But faith in God and love for man—  
Humanity needs but these.

Warnings advise us to cease, from above,  
The constant strife for self—  
And this will die, when we but love  
Our neighbor as ourself.

Many the armies that maim and kill  
Brothers of equal birth;  
All this must change, perhaps not 'till  
God's will is done on earth.

Many the laws in various realms,  
E'en be they yet so small;  
The great law that them all o'erwhelms,  
Is the brotherly love of all.

—Wilton E. Cross.



# THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

Published Weekly by

The New Christian Century Co.

EDITORS—CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON AND HERBERT L. WILLET  
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS—SILAS JONES, IDA WITHERS HARRISON,  
ORVIS F. JORDAN, ELLIS B. BARNES.

Entered as Second-Class Matter Feb. 28, 1902, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Under Act of March 3, 1879.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS**—Subscription price \$2.00. If paid strictly in advance \$1.50 will be accepted. To ministers if paid strictly in advance, \$1.00 per year. Single copy, 5 cents.

**EXPIRATIONS**—The label on the paper shows the month to which subscription is paid. List is revised monthly. Change of date on label is a receipt for remittance on subscription account.

**DISCONTINUANCES**—In order that subscribers may not be annoyed by failure to receive the paper, it is not discontinued at expiration of time paid in advance unless so ordered, but is continued pending instruction from the subscriber. If discontinuance is desired, prompt notice should be sent and all arrearages paid.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS**—In ordering change of address give the old as well as the new. If the paper does not reach you regularly, notify us at once.

**REMITTANCES**—Should be sent by draft or money order payable to The New Christian Century Company. IF LOCAL CHECK IS SENT ADD TEN CENTS FOR EXCHANGE.

United Religious Press Building  
700-714 EAST FORTIETH ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

## The Great Refuge

One might think that we are no longer in need of a refuge of any sort. We have banished many enemies. The wild beast is no longer a terror since we have discovered so many instruments of destruction. Diseases that once were the scourge of the earth have been brought under the dominion of science. While wars have not altogether ceased, the man of the present knows nothing of the fear to which his tribal ancestor was exposed. We have conquered so many enemies, why should we not hope to put them all under our feet?

It is the shallow mind that discovers no need of a great refuge for the modern man. Do all we can, death is still unconquered. We may prolong life; we may free it from inconvenience and fear; we may enrich it beyond the dreams of the men of former days, and yet we cannot feel certain it will abide for another day, and we know that for the majority the limit of three score years and ten will never be reached. But life seems to have more meaning than we get out of it in this world. And when we search for its larger meaning, we long for some one to assure us of the fuller life.

Personal failures drive us to our refuge. Only the moral idiot can be without consciousness of sin. The confession of the sincere and intelligent must often be, if not in words yet in sentiment: "We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us." As the years pass by and the effects of our thoughtlessness and our selfishness begin to appear; we cry out to God to forgive the sins of our youth; that is, if we have knowledge of God. We need him that we may have assurance of the forgiveness of sins.

An ideal of some sort is necessary for participation in social activity, and this ideal must be a perfect social order. That it may be realized men need to cooperate. The man of vision must announce what he has seen and the teacher, statesman, preacher, and business man must give concrete expression to the vision in institutions and laws. But how discouraging is the task of helping the world toward the kingdom of righteousness. In the way stand all the institutions built by selfishness. Those who ought to be actively interested in all true progress are often content to criticize the earnest souls whose faith puts them to work. Then it is that a refuge is needed.

The earth is full of refuges. There are men and women to whom we go when our own strength gives way. These great-hearted ones soften the pain that seems unbearable; they comfort the broken-hearted and send them out to work with courage, and they lead the sinful to a realization of the true cause of their miseries and to renunciation of evil ways. There are homes which are places of peace. Within them the tongue of slander

and the shamelessness of greed lose their power to annoy and torture. The church, when it is a church of God, is a refuge to all that know shame and defeat. If in the day of darkness and doubt, of loss and sorrow, men and women do not turn to the church for help, the church is not to them the institution it ought to be, whether the fault belongs to it or to them.

Inasmuch as the great refuge is God, and inasmuch as the persons and institutions that shelter us in times of sore distress are those that give us the sense of God's presence and goodness, the way to God should be made easy to all. We serve men by removing the obstructions that have been placed in their way by the folly and deliberate wickedness of men. If the ways that other generation found useful are no longer serviceable, it is false reverence to insist that this generation shall go to God as their fathers went. It is God we seek, and the way is important because it leads us to God. The worship of the church has for its object the realization of God. Hence we can never be careless in preparing for worship and remain faithful disciples of Jesus. The preacher who neglects his preparation for the worship of his congregation is defrauding them. And the members of the congregation who come to the service without honestly endeavoring to contribute something to the value of the worship have need of repentance. A congregation that worships God in spirit and in truth is enabling the world to find the refuge it needs. To think lightly of worship is to think lightly of one of the great opportunities of service. [Midweek service, Sept. 18, Ps. 91.]

S. J.

## Making a Fizzle of Life

"I've made a fizzle of my life," said a man of middle age who was dying. He had not been dissipated or lazy; he had a good mind and was an alumnus of one of our largest universities. Possibly he judged himself too harshly, but those who knew him best felt that his self-estimate was largely justified.

"Fizzle" may not be an elegant word but it is expressive, and conveys a definite idea. It represents the net results of more lives than a few. Applied to a life, it means that the individual has failed to be and to do what might reasonably be expected from him; and what he is conscious of having power to accomplish. He may be rich or poor, educated or ignorant, largely or meagerly endowed mentally, if he realizes upon his assets to the best possible advantage he cannot charge himself or be charged by others with making a failure of life.

The man whose words are quoted at the beginning of this article never held himself steadily and persistently to a given task. He would work hard for a time at an undertaking, and then, all at once, he had abandoned it for something else. He never found an occupation to which he gave himself with whole-hearted devotion through a period of years. It is quite possible that some men may jump from one thing to another and still accumulate a fortune. But, as a rule, that man makes most of his life who dedicates himself to some specific task, and holds his purpose fast through all adversities and all discouragements.

In this thing of alluring visions which call us from our work lies the explanation of a large measure of human inefficiency. The man of whom we have written was always having dreams of a great fortune to be made in a short time in doing something else than that in which he was then engaged. He chased rainbows all his life, and never came upon the pot of gold. The other man's job is likely to look more attractive than our own. We know of preachers who never seem to appreciate or enjoy their own field, but are constantly telling of the "soft snap" which some brother pastor has. To learn early in life that every job has its difficulties, and that the other man has his discouragements and obstacles even if we cannot see them, is a great achievement.

The man who confessed to having made a fizzle of life would have done better had he shown a more kindly and winsome spirit in his relations with his fellowmen. He was attractive in personal appearance and impressed strangers favorably; but he had few friends. To an undue estimate of his own importance he added an autocratic manner that was offensive and repellant. His temper was his master and led him to speak words and do deeds that alienated those who had been his friends. If he secured a position, it was only a short time until he began to complain that he was not appreciated and not receiving what his services were worth. No wonder that when the poor man came, at the close of his life, to look back on the years he felt that he had miserably failed.

The world is on the lookout for men who can do its tasks,

and, when it discovers such a man he is likely to be appreciated. Few things are more sickening than the whine not infrequently heard, "I am not appreciated." It is likely that the complaining one does not find his fellows placing the same estimate upon his power and services that he has formed of them. There is where the trouble lies. But the measurement of us made by others is likely to be more trustworthy than our own, for they have clearer vision and judgment less biased.

One of the most valuable personal assets is a good disposition. The man who faces the world with a sunny face, the outward expression of the sunshine that fills his heart, will never lack friends. Kindliness, self-restraint under provocation, determination to allow nothing to make us harsh or vindictive, bulk large as useful capital.

No man need make a fizzle of life. He may not get rich or become famous, but neither of these achievements is essential to success. Whoever uses his powers to the development of his own soul and the betterment of life about him has realized the purpose for which he has been given life, and so has really lived. When will all men realize that we have been given trustworthy directions for such living and the assurance of constant and efficient help to realize it? Across the years comes the tender but compelling voice of the world's great Teacher, telling how we are to save life by losing it. Before us rises the vision of One who walked in rough ways to a tragic death, and whose example has been pulling the world upward for more than nineteen centuries. The sure recipe for successful living is with Him, as is the power to accomplish it.

### British Episcopal Leaders Enlisted

A deputation from the Protestant Episcopal Commission on a world conference on the faith and order of the Church of Christ, which has recently visited England, Ireland and Scotland in the interest of the proposed conference, was received most hospitably and with great encouragement. The deputation consisted of the Bishop of Chicago, the Bishop of southern Ohio, the Bishop of Vermont, and Rev. William T. Manning, D.D., of New York. Their conferences and interviews were confined to representatives of the Anglican Communion in the British Isles, as the sole object of this preliminary visit was to enlist the co-operation and participation of the churches of England and Ireland, and the Episcopal church in Scotland in the proposed conference.

The deputation conferred at Lambeth Palace with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and with the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Bishop of Gloucester, Bishop Tucker, Canon of Durham, the Dean of Westminster (Bishop Ryle), the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Inge), the Dean of Wells (Dr. Armitage Robinson), the Dean of Ely (Dr. Kirkpatrick), and Rev. Canon Walsham How. The Bishop of Oxford and other invited guests were unable to be present, but the Bishop of Oxford afterwards expressed his approval. It was decided that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York should appoint a large committee, composed of bishops, priests and laymen, to represent the movement in England. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Chicago were asked to draw up a memorandum expressing the conclusions at which the conference had arrived. Its main features are:

- (1) That the Archbishops of Canterbury and York appoint a committee in the church of England to "organize, support and help in England," and "to stimulate general interest and regular and wide-spread prayer" in the matter of the conference.
- (2) That invitations to the various religious bodies in England, to take part in the bringing about and conducting the conference be extended to them by their co-religionists in America.
- (3) That the committee of the church of England should "markedly hold itself in readiness to confer with such bodies or committees as may be appointed in the non-Episcopal churches; or if so be, with those who might represent the Roman or Eastern churches."
- (4) The Archbishop of Canterbury expressed the opinion, which was concurred in by the representatives of the church of England, that it would facilitate the matter of co-operation of the church of England, if the American origin of the Conference should be born in mind, and the possibility or probability that the Conference, when held, should be on American soil. This, however, was not, in any way, suggested by any of the American deputation.

The deputation had a conference in Edinburgh with the Primus of the Episcopal church in Scotland, and other Bishops, and with

a group of Bishops in Ireland. It is confidently expected that a commission will be appointed to represent the Episcopal church in Scotland.

The members of the American deputation feel that their visit to the British Isles was productive of much good. It well illustrates the value of conference. A few days spent under the same roof and around the same table, asking and answering questions were worth more than months of correspondence.

### A Very Important Distinction

The Christian Evangelist of last week takes exception to two statements which it quotes from *The Christian Century*. One of these is our statement that "faith in the Lord and repentance from sin are the sole qualifications of admittance into the Church of Christ, and that baptism is the act of uniting with the Church of Christ—not a condition of uniting but the act itself." Our contemporary calls this a distinction without a difference, and asks, "Why should faith and repentance be excluded from the process of uniting with the Church, seeing that they are essential conditions of baptism?"

This sounds strange coming from a newspaper presumably familiar with the characteristic thinking of the Disciples of Christ. Of all religious bodies Disciples have been most given to discriminating three distinct acts within the conversion process; faith and repentance and baptism. The *Christian Century* did not say that baptism was the "process of uniting with the Church" but the definite act of uniting.

Conversion or salvation may properly be called a process but baptism or uniting with the church is a distinct act within this process and contributing to its completion. The process of conversion begins inwardly, in the individual soul, with faith and repentance. It is completed outwardly by the social act of baptism. Faith and repentance have to do with the inward disposition, with personal character. Baptism has to do with social status.

A Christian in the New Testament sense is not simply a person who possesses a Christian disposition, but one who has accepted the status of a Christian in the eyes of his fellowmen; one, that is to say, who has become a member of the Christian community, which is simply another term for the Church of Christ. There are many men and women in whom the preaching of the gospel has produced the essential Christian disposition of faith and penitence, but who refuse to become members of the Church of Christ, refuse to accept the social status of a Christian, refuse to be baptized.

By this refusal to be baptized, to definitely invest their personalities in the Christian community, the conversion process is not fully completed. It was because our Lord saw plainly that conviction produced by preaching the gospel was not sufficient that he instructed his apostles to make disciples and to baptize them. The distinction made by *The Christian Century* is our Lord's own distinction and is reinforced by St. Paul when he says that we are "baptized into the one body." Again we repeat that to make baptism a condition of membership in the Church of Christ, instead of the very act of becoming a member, has not a word of scripture to justify it.

\* \* \*

The other statement to which exception was taken by our St. Louis contemporary is our assertion that immersion is not baptism. The Christian Evangelist replies: "We do not know any Disciples who ever did believe or teach that 'immersion in water' in itself is baptism. What the Disciples do hold is that 'immersion in water' by a penitent believer in Jesus Christ, in obedience to his command, is Christian baptism."

The Christian Century does not wish to be represented as trifling with this subject or caviling in our discussion of it. Of both trifling and caviling we should surely be guilty if there were no more meaning to our contention than is involved in the distinction here drawn by our contemporary. We therefore take occasion to state as explicitly as possible that in our view the immersion of a penitent believer in water, in obedience to Christ's command, is not Christian baptism. Christian baptism is the induction of such a penitent believer into the Church of Christ, and is administered by the authority of Christ.

Christ did not command penitent believers to be immersed in water. He commanded them to be baptized.

There is no conceivable moral significance which can be attributed to the physical act of immersion, standing by itself, even



when performed by a penitent believer and even though performed in obedience to an assumed command of Christ. The physical act of immersion in water has no more meaning when performed by a penitent believer than when performed by an unbeliever.

Marriage is not equivalent to giving and receiving a ring.

Taking oath is not equivalent to raising the right hand.

Inauguration is not equivalent to kissing the Bible.

Voting is not equivalent to marking a paper ballot.

Naturalization is not equivalent to writing one's name on the legal instrument.

Surrender is not equivalent to handing over one's sword.

To pledge one's honor is not equivalent to clasping hands.

Ordination is not equivalent to the laying on of hands.

Neither is baptism equivalent to immersion in water, no matter upon whom performed or in what name.

## Our Readers' Opinions

### The Sanity of the Prohibition Movement

Editors Christian Century: Prohibitionists are idealists not prudentialists; optimists not opportunists or optionists. They are not idle dreamers but prophetic seers; not sentimentalists but sentiment makers. They are not fool fanatics and fantastic faddists but earnest men of sober, steadfast faith.

Prohibitionists are not visionaries but missionaries. They are sturdy pioneers engaged in clearing forests, not degenerate heirs destroying ancestral vineyards and orchards. They are a Gideon's band. They are scouts spying out ambuscades, not camp-followers looting spoils. The vanguard of the most progressive of today is encamped far behind the rearguard of the prohibition army of yesterday.

The Prohibition party is not a party of one idea. In its platform it has always championed many righteous principles and opposed vicious policies. But it has persistently and consistently maintained that the liquor problem is paramount to all others, not only because the traffic in alcoholic beverages is a breeder of pauperism, insanity and crime, but because it is in itself, like gambling and prostitution, a criminal occupation. Being such, good government demands that it be outlawed, not legalized.

The liquor problem is not only moral and social, it is economic and political. So long as the national government is a partner in the traffic, and so long as there is a "National Liquor Dealers' Association" this problem cannot be dealt with adequately by local methods. Constitutional treatment only can cure such an organic cancerous growth on the body politic. Local palliatives only aggravate it.

We believe that it is best to keep our faith even though we lose the election. Our defeats are Bunker Hills—and Pisgahs. We would rather lose sixteen elections standing for prighteous principles, than gain one by lowering the standard in unholy compromise—confident that when we win one election for principle all compromising policies will be dead and buried beyond hope of resurrection.

For the verity of these affirmations we appeal to our platforms and the record of forty years of history. We are sure that our cause will ultimately prevail because it is right. As heirs of the eternal covenant of faith, we expect the Lord to raise up a Joshua to lead us over Jordan into Canaan in his own good time. Meanwhile, having put on the whole armour of God and having done all, we stand.

Indianapolis. CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

### Nearly Broke His Record

Editors Christian Century: I am a Republican, have been from the organization of the party. I voted for John C. Tremont, the party's first candidate for President in 1856, and have voted for every Republican candidate all down the line to and including Wm. Howard Taft.

In all these years I never thought of voting for any other than a Republican for President. But I want to tell you right here

how nearly I came to changing the order of my voting. During the National Republican Convention at Chicago, when the fight was on between Taft and Roosevelt, and many thought Roosevelt would win, I resolved in my own mind and so declared publicly that if Roosevelt should get the nomination and the Democrats should name Champ Clark for President, I would vote for him. But thanks to Mr. Wm. J. Bryan Brother Clark lost out in the Baltimore convention and I am saved to the "Grand Old Party," the party that abolished slavery, fought secession to its death and restored our union, and by its wise administration of the government has made it the best of all nations of the earth. I am proud of the fact that I served three years, '02 to '05, in company with hundreds of thousands of other Republicans and loyal Democrats in the war to preserve the union, and I hope that when the great game scheduled to come off in November is over, I will have done what I could to put a certain hat out and over the ring—so far that its owner will not be able to flip it back again.

Blue Mound, Ill.

E. T. CLEMENTS.

### Liquor Question Fundamental

In the Christian Century of August 15, Rev. Mr. Jordan spoke of the rejection by the Progressives of the plank dealing with the liquor question as of no particular consequence. A mere "doctrinaire" or "fad" question in comparison with the issue dealt with in that platform.

I believe in the platform of the Progressives so far as it goes—but I am not one who believes the liquor problem is small, nor do I believe there are very many "Progressives" who believe it is a small problem.

Mr. Jordan enumerates a list of some of the planks adopted, and through the columns of the The Christian Century I would like to ask him a few questions.

Who is against honest primaries?

Who is responsible for placing judges on the bench of such moral standards that it is thought necessary to put a plank in the platform making the courts responsive to popular control?

Did Mr. Jordan ever try to get a man tried before any of the Chicago courts for violation of the liquor laws? Some of the judges are all right, but many are wrong.

Why cannot even the city's ordinances be enforced?

Why is Chicago over-run with criminals and crime?

Why is the murder rate in Chicago more than twenty-four times greater than in London?

Why is old age insurance necessary?

If government regulation of trusts could reduce the cost of trust produced articles 10%, how much would that reduce the cost of living of the average wage earner in Chicago?

Who is opposed to an industrial commission, and whom do they use to prevent its establishment?

What element chiefly opposes woman suffrage?

What in the main makes child labor laws

necessary?

What causes the high cost of living?

What is the value of annual product of the textile industries in this country?

What is the annual product of the steel industry?

What is the liquor bill?

Why has Kansas an assessed valuation of \$1,750 per capita when Illinois has \$346 and Missouri \$300?

If Cook county's real estate, at full valuation, were sold for cash, for how long would it pay Chicago liquor bills at present rate of consumption?

What do the people get in exchange for the vast amount of cash paid for alcoholic beverages?

What percentage of crime is caused by alcohol? of insanity? of poverty? of death?

What is the rate of insanity in Illinois and Wisconsin as compared with Kansas? Why this difference?

Who pays for the maintenance of jails, hospitals, police courts and loss of earning capacity?

Has this anything to do with the high cost of living?

What effect does alcohol have upon health?

If England is model, enjoying advanced social legislation, why has it become necessary for her to lower the standard of admission to her army and navy?

Why did the Supreme Court of Iowa say that "thinking men of this day generally concur in the opinion that the saloon is the chief peril to American institutions?"

Are you aware of the tremendous social revolution going on in communities where the saloon has been banished?

Do you expect to bring about a new and better social order in any community before the saloon is destroyed?

You say, "the saloon is a great evil and in the end will be abolished." When? How?

Why not destroy it now?

If the liquor traffic is a great evil why was it not mentioned in the Progressive platform?

How do you reconcile your statements that the liquor problem is a small matter and at the same time "a great evil"?

Is getting rid of a great evil a small matter?

The last session of the legislature lacked only fourteen out of the 153 members of being free from liquor control. In Chicago the 51 liquor candidates elected were chosen at the primaries, by the votes of 67,020 men when 322,160 registered voters did not vote. The Anti-Saloon League made a hard campaign before the last primary and won over the state at large, sixteen more candidates that it had two years ago, winning six more in Cook county. Many church men worked loyally, without them nothing could have been done. But let me ask you frankly, Brother Jordan, how many men will catch an inspiration from your article to make a sacrifice to fight from now till November 5, for a legislature free from liquor control.

"The have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly saying—Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Chicago.

E. J. DAVIS.

# Safety in Strength

By J. H. Jowett

(Sermon preached in the Spurgeon Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, and reported in the British Congregationalist.)

"Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."—Psalm cxix. 117.

What do we know about the suppliant? What made him offer that prayer? What was the character of his surroundings, and how would the prayer be answered? How did it affect his character, and how might he change his conditions? We have only a fragment of autobiography, but even that very tiny fragment may be like the smallest pin-hole through which we may see a panorama of moving life and destiny.

It is the cry of a man in peril. It reveals a man driven to the imperative necessity of seeking help in God. I can see through the fragment something of his environment. I can see the threatening circumstances that surround him like a hostile and besieging host. I have studied this little fragment, and I have tried to see one or two things in the Psalmist's circumstances which impelled him to offer the prayer.

## The "Double-minded."

First of all, I see round about this old-world suppliant a class of people who are described in the fragment as being "of a double mind." The double-minded, literally, are people with "a mind and a mind." They have no fine singularity. They are favorable to both sides in a contradictory issue. They are two-faced. They are partial to everything. They are wholly devoted to nothing. Their wardrobe is stocked with every kind of livery, and they are always dressed in the fashion of the immediate hour. They can speak every language. You never know where you have them. They are at home in every circle. They are "hail-fellow-well-met" with everybody. I will call them the "chameleon type," taking the color of their immediate environment.

## Evil Doers.

There is another class of people that I think we can see in this little fragment of autobiography, and these are described in the very simple phrase, "Evil doers." The first company is the company of the adaptables. "Evil doers" suggests a company of the deliberately vicious people who purposely espouse the wrong and make a policy and a success of it. Illicit advantage gains its ends. Unlawful contention wins the prize. The vicious return home every night laden with spoils. They set their snares; they catch their victims. They lay their traps; the victim falls. They weave nets of deceit, and their bags are full. That is the significance of the old record. This little fragment of autobiography describes an evil that apparently pays.

## The Peril of Ignoble Compromise.

Here is a man who is surrounded on the one hand by people of a double mind, and on the other hand by people who are triumphantly successful and who have come to their success by evil roads. What are his perils? When you are in the presence of the double-minded you are in the peril of resorting to fatal and ignoble compromise. The influence of the double-minded is always in the direction of congenial agreement, and their motto is agreeableness and not righteousness. The double-minded man always believes in blends. He never believes in contrasts. So he never wears white, and he never wears black; he always

wears grey, because it goes well with either.

This old autobiographical fragment is quite up to date. It might have been torn from a page of our own times. For we, too, are afraid of vivid contrasts.

## A Medium Tint.

We are inclined to choose a medium tint and a medium tone. We shrink from a too vivid morality that would startle men by its separation from the world. A man is tempted to take his strong conviction and soften it into a mild opinion. He is tempted to take the forked lightning out of his religion and to substitute a kind of harmless sheet lightning. He is tempted to substitute for a virile religion a weak religiosity.

And whenever I meet with double-minded men my peril is to try to keep step with God and Mammon. That is one of the perils of our time, an outstanding peril of the Christian courage and his recititude, but it was only when John Morley published his great biography that we saw the mighty tap-roots, by which his moral and spiritual vigor had been sustained. And throughout Christian church of our day. We are timid lest we scare people by being too violently religious. So there is an absence of the strong note, the absence of Apostolic boldness and decision. And religion is just prone to become a mild agreeableness. There are tens of thousands of professedly Christian people to whom religion is only a sort of pleasant flavoring, a squeeze of lemon in the dish, and not the stuff itself—the meat and the drink and the substance of life. And so it happened that this old-world man, who lived so near to God, when the double-minded came along wearing grey, he lifted up his heart to God and he said, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

## Glittering Worldliness.

And the second peril was the peril of "the garish day." He was surrounded by glittering worldliness, by the dazzling presence of prosperity and success. He felt the power of the glare, and he feared it. I sometimes think that the devotional books of the Bible have more to say about the perils of the glare than they have about the perils of the night. There are so many things that cannot stand the untempered blaze of the noon. I sometimes call them "the ferns of the spirit," and I wish that the New Testament had used the word "ferns," instead of "fruits," to describe them. We wonder why God took us out of the glare, and when all things are reckoned up we may find that the purpose was to give us a better chance of growing the fern.

## Ferns Need Shade.

When I had a tiny little greenhouse it was my delight to grow ferns. But I had to grow them in the same house with the flowers. It was a very difficult task, and I frequently had to remove the fern from the upper shelf, and move it away down into the comparative twilight and shade, in the hope that there in the shade I might give my fern a better chance. There are one or two ferns that grow gloriously in the shade, but it is hard work to grow them in the noon. Humility—it is very hard to grow that, if you haven't a care—forbearance, long-suffering, the patience of unanswered prayer.

And the Psalmist looked out on the glare of worldly prosperity, and then he looked inside at his fernery, and he prayed that

God would give him strength, lest his ferns should be destroyed. I do not say you cannot grow ferns in the noon. I have seen them growing in New York, of all the places in the world to grow ferns! I have seen them growing in that materialistic country, that gloriously successful country, from the standpoint of money, and commerce, and wealth. I have already made the acquaintance of many a fernery in many a soul where the graces of the Spirit are growing, even in the noontide glare. You can grow these ferns, but you cannot grow them without God. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

## The Bewitchment of Wrong Success.

And the other peril is the peril of delusion. When you see a man devise a trick, and by the trick succeed, oh! the magnetism, the mesmerism, the bewitchment of ill-devised and ill-engineered and contrived success. When you see unfairness carrying the palm, when you see unfairness walking away with the prize, when you see iniquity wearing the garland, the evil-doer laden to the point of burdensomeness with his spoils, you are in great danger of being deluded. The Psalmist was in danger of confusing things that differed, and of mistaking one thing for another. That is the devil's way. He makes us confuse ease with peace. He makes us confuse comforts with comfort. And he makes us confuse successful living with a successful life. Like the Psalmist, we, too, are in danger of thinking that plenty brings satisfaction, and that all we have to do is to get a high position, and then we have got deep peace. The devil turns life into a dream, and we see all things upside down. He makes us pursue a shining mirage, and we find it to be burning sand.

## Strengthens Within.

What was the content of this man's prayer? "Hold thou me up." That seems to suggest a strong one coming down to a weak one who is just about to totter and fall, to take him by the arm, and to help him along the difficult road. But it is not that. Never think when you speak about God helping us that God, as it were, gives us an arm, and helps us along the troublesome road. Not that. The Lord never gives a strong hand to help a cripple. He never gives a cripple a temporary stimulus, which will soon pass, and then subside, and he will lapse again into his original weakness. When God holds us, it is not the gift of a crutch. It is the gift of strength. See how the same word is used in the original in other places. "The Lord strengthen thee out of Zion." And again, "Strengthen thy heart with a morsel of bread." The Psalmist's prayer really was, "Make Thou me strong, and I shall be safe." "O Lord," he seemed to say, "make me morally and physically robust, and I shall be safe." There is the emphasis. We do not want people going along the pilgrim way on crutches.

## Springing Buoyancy.

There is a sort of spring and buoyancy given by the religion of Christ. "By my God I can leap over a wall." There is spring for you. There is buoyancy for you. "Thou hast made my feet like hinds' feet." Have you ever seen a deer skipping up a hillside? God is not going to give us a crutch. "Hold

(Continued on page 15.)



# THE HIGH CALLING

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS."

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## CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

Mrs. Douglas, who was walking with Mrs. Masters and who had during the trip heard of this one Christian Hopi, went over to the foot of the ladder with her. Paul, who was tremendously interested in all sorts of Indian lore, went into the house to examine some wedding baskets. The two Pittsburg young men suddenly found themselves surrounded with an Indian group selling curios. Walter sauntered over in the direction of Miss Gray to ask her about the kivas. Felix stayed jealously for a while by Helen who was simply carried away with the wonderful sights all about her, but looking over in Mrs. Douglas' direction and seeing her for a moment alone, thought his opportunity to speak to her ought to be seized at once, and went over towards her. And so it happened naturally enough that for a moment Helen and Van Shaw were left together. The crowd of tourists, curious, chattering, laughing, careless, flowed up the trail past them and began scattering over the village seeking curios and poking their heads into the doors of the little houses. The sun flamed out in a clear blue sky, the grey rock turned red under its hot stroke, and Helen, who lay restfully on her litter which had been placed on top of one of the kivas, indulged her romance-loving spirit to the full as she lay there almost forgetful of Van Shaw's presence until she was startled out of her day-dream by his voice as he moved from where he had been standing and came and sat down on the edge of the kiva near her.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Miss Douglas, I haven't had half a chance to talk to you and you'll forgive me, won't you, if I take advantage of this moment."

Helen was not in the slightest degree prepared for what Van Shaw was going to say. She was conscious, as every beautiful young woman must be, of her charms and of the effect of them on the young men she met, but she would have been a most remarkably vain and shallow person if she had ever imagined for herself such a scene as the one now being acted on the top of the rock at Oraibi. The wildest stretch of her romantic temperament had never carried her so far, and when she first began to really grasp the sense of what Van Shaw was saying she was frightened and angry. At the same time there was a certain feeling of pride and exultation of which she was vaguely ashamed.

Helen quietly began to say some simple thing in reply to Van Shaw's first remark when he hurriedly went on, interrupting her:

"I won't have much time to speak now, but I'm going to risk everything, and tell you. I just can't keep it to myself. It may sound awfully absurd to you—I suppose it does, but I can't help it. I'm just simply dead in love with you and I want you to know that I—"

"What!" said Helen sharply. She was so disturbed, so confused in her mind that Van Shaw's words seemed unreal, as unreal as the kiva on which she was sitting or the changing groups of vivid color moving about on the tops of the houses.

"I can't help it," Van Shaw began again hurriedly, "You do not know how fascinating you are. It has just swept me off my feet."

This time Helen understood what Van Shaw was saying and her face was flooded with a swift wave of color. And she said coldly:

"You have no right to talk to me like that. I will not listen." She turned her head and saw her mother just coming out of Talavenka's house, standing at the foot of the ladder as if preparing to go up with Mrs. Masters to the house roof.

"Mother!" she called, in a dim way thinking of nothing except her desire somehow to escape a very embarrassing scene with Van Shaw. But there was so much noise made by the clattering groups of tourists and the sudden arrival of newcomers that that moment Helen saw Bauer speaking to her and the next moment he and her mother had walked slowly off together up the tortuous village street and were lost to sight in the crowd.

Van Shaw sat down on the kiva, and smiled a little. But his face was pale, and evidently for one of the rare occasions in his life he was truly and desperately in earnest.

"You can't blame me, can you?"

"It's—it's simply impossible. It's out of the question. I have not known you two days."

"It doesn't take lightning two days to hit," said Van Shaw doggedly.

"I won't listen. I forbid your talking to me," said Helen haughtily.

"All right. But you can't forbid my thinking of you."

"But I can and I will refuse to be in your company!" said Helen. She was angry now at something undefined in Van Shaw's manner. "If you do not leave me at once, I will try to leave you." She actually made a movement to rise and put her foot on the ground at the edge of the kiva. Van Shaw instantly got up and said quickly, "Of course I'll go. But I can't change my feelings and never shall. Promise me one thing. Don't believe all the stories you hear about me."

He had turned and walked up the street and Helen sank back with a strange feeling of relief mingled with shame and again that other feeling—what was it, pride? The sense of power over men? The feeling that her beauty was a gift or something else? She was frightened at it all put together and felt irritated to be left alone by the rest of the party as she looked around at the medley of old and new jumbled together in that Hopi village. And then the next reaction left her nervous and somewhat hysterical as she tried to imagine such a thing in a book. She actually laughed and the next moment Miss Gray and Walter appeared at the edge of the kiva. Miss Gray came running up to her.

"It's a shame to leave you here alone. How did that happen?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't been alone long. How strange everything is."

"Yes. And it gets stranger the more you see of it. Talavenka and her mother

have asked us to eat with them. They will have something ready in about an hour. You had better go in and rest there a while. It's too hot out here. Where are your jinrikisha men?"

"Van Shaw just went up the street," said Walter looking closely at Helen.

"We don't need him," said Miss Gray. "Mr. Douglas, will you get Mr. Coleman and Mr. Calder? There they are, over there. I'll help, and we'll take Helen over to Talavenka's."

Walter went over to call the Pittsburg young men and Miss Gray and Helen were together a moment. Helen suddenly asked:

"Do you know Mr. Van Shaw, Lucy? Didn't I hear you say to mother yesterday that he was related distantly to your mother?"

"Yes," said Miss Gray slowly. "He is. What do you want to know?"

"Anything you can tell me."

Miss Gray looked troubled.

"Are you willing to tell me why you want to know?"

Helen hesitated. Walter and the young men were approaching.

"Give me your full confidence," Miss Gray smiled at Helen. "And I will know better what to tell."

"I will when there is time for it," Helen said and that was all she could say, before she was carried into Talavenka's house.

Once inside the little square room with its corn grinding boxes taking up one whole side of it there was so much of interest that Helen let everything else wait as she watched the preparations for the meal.

It would be several hours before the snake dance and in that time there was not likelihood that Van Shaw would try to speak to her again. She was not afraid of that, but she felt uneasy at the thought of some future scene, just what she was not clear about, but it vexed and allured her until finally the surroundings compelled all her attention and drove everything else out of her imagination.

Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Masters and Miss Gray were invited with her to the midday meal in the house. The rest of the Tolchaco party ate out of doors on the platform by the door. There was boiled mutton, red, white and blue wafer bread made of corn meal that made one think he was eating wallpaper, Elijah Clifford said, melons, green peas taken from a can that had a Ft. Wayne, Ind., label on it, and to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas's astonishment some delicious peaches brought by Talavenka's brother all the way from their little garden down by the Oraibi Wash. In reply to questions from Mr. Masters, who used Talavenka as interpreter, Schevingoiasche said, as if it were an ordinary every day occurrence, that her oldest boy, nineteen years old, had run twenty-five miles that forenoon to get the peaches from the orchard for their anticipated guests.

About an hour before sunset they all went out to the village plaza to witness the great event of the year in Oraibi. And as long as they live they will need no photographs or pictures to make the weird scene vivid to them.

Picture a grey mass of rock rising up abruptly above the desert, bare of tree or shrub; scattered over its irregular top, blocks of two and three-story stone and dried brick houses, for the most part square in outward shape, with steps on the outside built into the wall, or heavy ladders with long projecting ends resting upon platforms built in front of small square topped doorways, the roofs flat and covered with dried grasses. No stairways within these houses permitting passage from lower to upper rooms, and all built after century old architectural plans, by the hands of women. Between the blocks of irregular houses picture rectangular slabs of stone rising two feet above the ground, containing an opening in the middle out of which project high in the air the two ends of a hard-wood ladder, the rungs of which have been worn almost through by the passage of naked feet that have pressed up and down on these bits of wood for scores of years. It is not easy to imagine the real fact that down in those upstairs cellars the men of Oraibi lead their club life, weaving down there in the dim light that filters past the ladder, the rugs and belts and other material mysteriously used for religious ceremonial. And down in the snake priests' kiva, just over yonder, the venomous reptiles have been kept for weeks past in the sacrificial clay jars, out of which they have crawled during the rites of their purification and hung in twisted, hissing knots out of the crevices between the sides of the kiva walls, from which places the brown hands of old Thisdoa, Talavenka's father, have only this morning taken them to put in the cottonwood booth out on the village plaza, where they are now awaiting their part in the coming ceremony. For old Thisdoa is the head priest and knows more of the mysteries of the snake nature than any being in Oraibi.

The sun is just on the edge of the desert. All traces of the morning storm are vanished. Out on the tops of the houses all about the open plaza, groups of men and women begin to appear, the unmarried girls distinguished from the married by the graceful whorls of black hair standing out in marked contrast with the two rolls that hang down past the ears of the matrons. Cowboys, Navajo horsemen, traders, all the non-acting part of Oraibi's population, tourists, photographers, visitors, crowd up in a rainbow colored fringe about the sandy depression which now contains only one conspicuous object, the cottonwood booth or kisi, the size of a boy's wigwam, having a canvas flap on the side opening close by the broad board over which the feet of the priests will thump as they file past. A moving picture machine is installed on the top of a near-by house. The Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Chicago tourists and newspaper men are grouped about in what they believe are advantageous positions. The costumes vary from smart tailor made dresses worn by the tourist girls from Cincinnati to a Hopi child's dress made of a piece of a gunny sack bearing the name of a Minnesota flouring mill. Over all the jumble of old and new, modern and ancient, the setting sun floods the medley of color and language and dress and Christian and pagan. And in the stillness that waits the coming of the twenty-four priests out of the kivas, the town crier walks out on the corner of a house top and cries aloud an announcement of a service to be held that night in the little mission chapel out there on the edge of the rock.

"What's that?" asked one of the tourists near Clifford.

"That's the town crier of Oraibi," said Clifford. "There are no newspapers up here and the official village news purveyor is

telling the crowd to come over to the Gospel meeting to-night. He says Mr. Masters is going to preach in three languages. Better come and hear him in one of 'em."

The tourist stares at Clifford. "Well of all the places on earth for preaching, this beats me. Do you mean to say a preacher will actually hold a service up here after this snake dance and expect to get an audience?"

"Will he?" says Clifford cheerfully. "You had better come early or you won't get a seat. And as for preaching you'll hear a better sermon than you ever heard in Cincinnati, Ohio."

"I guess that may be so," says the tourist. "For I haven't been to church since I don't know when."

"You need preaching then, like the rest of these heathen," said Clifford so simply that the Cincinnati man takes no offence but promises to go over to the service if he isn't too tired.

The rim of the sun is an hour above the horizon and the crowd has ceased its chatter. It is very quiet on the grey rock of Oraibi, although a thousand people are looking intently at the openings of the two kivas. Suddenly from the one nearest the Tolchaco party up the ladder the chief of the Antelope priests appears. He holds the rattle box in his hands and is followed by the eleven priests, the last one a lad twelve years old. The line twists through the fringe of visitors, as oblivious of any onlookers as if they were going through this ceremony five hundred years ago when not a white face was dreamed of and when the Hopi was doing exactly what old Thisdoa and his grandson are doing to-day.

Then from out the other kiva the stately snake priests emerge, a group of twelve old men each bearing the rattle which contains the grains of corn. The incessant pattering of the rattles is the only sound heard in the plaza until the soft moccasined feet reach the board over the hole in front of the kisi. The thump, thump, thump of the feet pound over the board to call the attention of the underworld gods to the needs of their children up here. The sandy plaza is traversed and the two lines of priests circle about, finally stopping in front of the kisi, facing one another; then rises the "wo, wo, wo, wo," the guttural chant. The Hopis have been for many years a peaceful people, but this monotonous chant, rising occasionally into a swelling crescendo howl sends delightful cold shivers down the backs of the visitors, and even Elijah Clifford says he wouldn't want to meet that howl unexpectedly around the corner. Then the priests file past the kisi one by one, stoop by the opening and receive from the old warrior priest sitting within, a snake. Each one raises his snake to his mouth and holds it there between his teeth as he walks about the plaza accompanied by his hugger or companion. Suddenly the snakes are released and thrown down upon the sand. They make swift and desperate efforts to escape but are caught up again with such rapidity of movement that the closest attention paid by the tourists can not discover how it is done. Round and round the procession of twenty-four moves. Out from the houses near the snake kiva a group of girls and women suddenly run. They stop at the edge of the plaza near the Tolchaco party and scatter the sacred corn meal on the ground. Navajo horsemen dismount and pick up pinches of this sacred meal and put in their pouches for good luck. The twenty-four priests with their snakes twisting in their sinewy brown hands turn together and with a common movement all dart up to the place where the meal lies. They circle about the spot. Paul raises Helen up a

little higher so that she can throw a horrified gaze into that astonishing scene. For a moment the only thing she and the rest can see is a squirming, hissing heap of snakes, apparently tangled together in an angry mass. And then the twenty-four priests shoulder one another as they stoop and with both hands grab up as many snakes as they can hold in their fingers, and suddenly separating, turn and face towards the edge of the rock, running with all their might, thrusting the snakes into the faces of any unlucky tourist or visitor who may be in the way.

There is a rush for the edge of the rock. Those who line up there see the lean figures of the priests leaping down the wild trail. Their forms can hardly be distinguished as they reach the desert and are dimly seen to be kneeling in prayer over the snakes as they let them go, down to the great plumed snake to beseech him to send rain, rain, rain, on the corn and melons of his children up here.

The rest of the ceremony is purification. The priests come panting and sweating up the rock. On the edge of the snake priests' kiva the women bring out huge jars of mysterious brown liquid.

The panting figures kneel there in the now desert twilight and drink great draughts of this liquor. Kneeling about over the rock they disgorge from their mouths what they have been drinking. The merciful darkness is closing in swiftly over this disgusting scene, participated in, however, in all reverence by the priests and gazed upon in astonishing seriousness by the spectators, for is it not all a part of the painful crucifixion of the flesh that these poor creatures have been subjecting themselves to for centuries in their blind but constant desire to find God, the God of the rain, the rain, the rain.

Gradually the priests disappear down into the kiva where a feast has been prepared for them by the women. The great festival, which will not occur again at Oraibi for two years, is over.

Paul sees Masters standing by him. In the dim light he realizes with a start as he looks up, that the tears are rolling down over Masters' face.

"Oh, the people! How long will they seek after God in these ways! Oh, for the power to open their eyes to see him as He is!"

Through the growing darkness groups of tourists and visitors pass, choking the narrow paths between the houses, crowding into the trail down to the wagons at the foot of the rock. Among the confusion of chattering voices and exclamations one shrill voice of a girl penetrates through to the hearing of Masters and Paul.

"Wasn't it the greatest thing you ever saw? and oh, how picturesque! Those people, those girls on the houses! What a pity it would be to spoil it by trying to civilize these nature children!"

Masters looked at Paul grimly.

"Yes, it would be a great pity, wouldn't it? I wish that girl could stay here one winter and enjoy the picturesqueness of a Hopi Indian girl's life. I wonder if she has any little thought of the real life of these 'nature children'? Of its misery, its impurity, its dreadful sin and superstition and darkness; its infant morality; its pain and disease due to the absence of any sanitary or medical skill. But most of all its ignorance of Jesus Christ and his love. 'Picturesque!' I grant you it is. But Christianity would not destroy anything worth keeping. For centuries these 'nature children' have walked in darkness. Are they not entitled, like that white girl, to the light of life? And did you see Talavenka when her father reached into the kisi for the snake?"

(To be continued.)



# MODERN WOMANHOOD

Conducted by Mrs. Ida Withers Harrison.

Mrs. Harrison will be glad to receive communications from any of her readers offering suggestions concerning woman's welfare, criticisms of articles or inquiries concerning any matters relevant to her department. She should be addressed directly at 530 Elm Tree Lane, Lexington, Ky.

## THE SEPTEMBER FLOWER GARDEN

September is described in one of the current garden magazines as "the month of harvests—the time to sit down and enjoy the results of our spring and summer work."

This poor gardener has not found much time for sitting down and enjoying the results of her labors, so far. What with bugs, and weeds, and watering and staking rampant plants, like dahlias and chrysanthemums, and driving out neighbors' chickens, and preparing for the winter garden, the time of rest is not yet. And pulling dead flowers, and lurking seed pods, is no small item in the day's work—for fall flowers seem possessed with a perfect frenzy for going to seed, and unless that is checked their bloom time comes to an abrupt termination.

### Praise of Frost.

In moments of exasperation and exhaustion she has even echoed Charles Dudley Warner's praise of frost. That moralizing gardener was so much impressed with the inequality of man's fight with nature—how man becomes weary and dispirited with the struggle, but nature is ever fresh as at the beginning, and eager for the fray, that he says, "I, for my part, begin to appreciate the value of snow and frost; for they give the gardener a little peace and enable him for a season to contemplate his incessant foe subdued. I do not wonder that the tropical people, where nature never goes to sleep, give it up and sit in lazy acquiescence."

But this spirit of friendship for frost only comes at rare and overworked moments. If it killed neighbors' chickens as well as weeds and insect pests, one might view its advent with complacency; but as its power is unhappily limited, the havoc that it works among flowers and green things growing overbalances the small relief it brings.

### Preparation for Frost.

For frost is not a far off phantom, to be contemplated from a safe distance—it is all but on us now. Any time from the middle to the close of September this arch enemy of vegetation may put in an appearance. Perhaps, it is this coming shadow of doom and death that makes the flowers look so beautiful now; for most flower lovers find in them a mellow richness and clearness of tint, a perfection of form, that midsummer, with all its riotous growth, never attains. She looks on him with the same wistful yearning and pathos, that a mother does on her soldier boy on the eve of battle. However, this first skirmish with the advance guard of winter is not necessarily fatal; the frost may be light and do little damage—but then, it may be heavy and lay low many a tender plant. So it behooves the September gardener to be vigilant and resourceful. Let her study diligently the weather indications; if she has lost faith in the weather bureau by a long series of false prophecies, she might find some old-time darkey who knows all about the moon, and the winds, and the clouds, and learn from him exactly when frost will be here; then she can throw some light covering, like an old shirt, or some tobacco cloth, or some newspapers (if she can prevent their blowing away) over the sensitive plants. If they survive the first frost, they often gladden us with their blossoms all the calm, restful, October days.

### Changes in the Floral Pageant.

The floral pageant has undergone some

changes since we wrote of the August Flower Garden. Those lovely friends, the lily and the gladiola, have vanished in a mist of sweet and tender memories, but new faces have taken their places. The clematis paniculata, fragrant as beautiful, is falling like a bridal veil over many a porch and trellis; the hardy blue ageratum is crowding in spots that the perennial phlox is reluctantly leaving. The dahlias are in their prime now, the scarlet salvia is growing richer and more luxuriant every day, and the asters are even more beautiful than they were last month; for the large, long-stemmed, white ones are now opening their breasts to the sun; and not only to the sun, alas! but to the aster bug as well!

Many of the roses are beginning their fall



*The Sweetest Flower in the Garden.*

season of bloom. Altogether, in the September flower garden every plant, whether hardy shrub or exotic geranium or begonia, nourished by the timely showers and sunshine of this most bountiful season, seems to be doing its best to give all the joy and brightness it can to life. And even yet there are newcomers to swell the pageant. The cosmos, looking like some lost child of spring in its delicate pink beauty, is yet to come. And the chrysanthemum, peerless queen of the autumn garden, is the goal to which many hearts are now turning.

### Preparation for the Winter Garden.

If you wish blooming bulbs in your house this winter, the latter part of September is none too soon to start them. A dozen each of Roman and Dutch hyacinths, of narcissus and freesias will gladden your household during the chill gloom of winter. The Roman hyacinths will bloom by Christmas (earlier if you force them), the narcissus will follow fast after, then the freesias, and the latter part of the winter will be brightened by the Dutch hyacinths. Their culture is of the simplest; but one thing is imperative—get the best bulbs that money can buy; when you take the trouble to raise house plants, it is poor economy to buy cheap bulbs. If you can get them from home florists, do so by all means; but if

they are late in getting their fall supplies, order from some reliable firm at a distance. Do not let this month pass without making a start toward your winter garden.

Then some pleasant morning go into your garden with your bulbs, have your flower pots and plenty of rich dirt at hand; if you wish to use small three or four inch pots, one hyacinth or narcissus bulb to the pot is sufficient—if larger ones are used, two or three bulbs to the pot; freesias, being very small, can be planted five or six, or even more, to the pot. If one desires to economize space, the hyacinth bulbs can be started in grape baskets, and then transplanted to flower pots, after the bloom bud is well formed; they can be moved without any injury to them.

After the bulbs are all potted, dig a trench in the garden, set the pots in it, cover them thoroughly with dirt, water once or twice till the earth is well settled, then leave them in peace for at least six weeks. This planting in the ground is better than putting in the cellar, for cellars are often troubled with rats, which will have no compunction about eating your bulbs. They (the bulbs, not the rats), need not be taken up and brought into the house until November, when you can use your own discretion about watering and bringing to the light.

I. W. H.

## Woman's Doings

—Miss Mary Legdard, who goes from Los Angeles to Foochow, China, to take the principalship of the Foochow Kindergarten gave up a \$2000 position for a \$600 one. She says she goes to China for life.

—Mme. Helen Dutrieu, one of the foremost women aviators of France, has cabled her application to the officials of the Aero Club of Illinois for permission to take part in the Gordon Bennett cup races. This is the world's most dangerous aviation event. Picked air pilots of the world compete annually and usually new records are made. The appeal of Mme. Dutrieu marks the first attempt of a woman aviator to be entered in a great speed event.

—Miss Helen Keller, who is deaf and dumb and blind, and nevertheless a college graduate, has been appointed a member of the Board of Public Welfare in Schenectady, New York.

—Several hundred women are doing the work of men along with men in four Cleveland foundries, is the unrepudiated charge of Harry D. Thomas, secretary of the Cleveland Federation of Labor. E. E. Adams, superintendent of the Cleveland Hardware Company, admitted that women are employed at the plant at heavy work. "We have employed these women for ten years, and they are contented with their jobs," said Adams. "They do not work near the fires."

—Gertrude Atherton of California, who writes novels that people seem to like to read, has taken the stump for Governor Wilson. She says, "It will never be possible to call Woodrow Wilson 'Woody,' as Roosevelt is called 'Teddy.'"

—The Japanese have recently established a Young Woman's Christian Association at San Francisco, this being the first one of its kind in the United States. It starts with 150 members, the Japanese Christian League furnishing the money.

## Illinois

F. A. Sword is in a revival meeting at Tampico, where O. P. Ellis preaches.

Colchester, where F. M. Branich preaches, will be led in a revival during October by the Fife company.

In a revival meeting at Mt. Vernon. Evangelist Lew D. Hill enlisted four converts during the first week.

A revival meeting is to be held at Henning by Clay F. Gaumer of Alvin, beginning near the middle of September.

Carnie Church has secured a new pastor, U. S. Johnson, formerly of Healdsburg, Calif. The new pastorate began Sept. 1.

F. M. Stambaugh is at West Frankfort in evangelistic services with five additions on profession of faith at last report.

The pastor of Chandlerville Church, B. O. Aylesworth, is a candidate for Congress on the Progressive party ticket from his district.

B. H. Linville of Vevay, Ind., has received a call from St. Joseph church to succeed Joel T. Davis, recently resigned. It is learned the new pastor will undertake the work in October.

Mt. Carmel church in the southern part of the state has rounded out fifty years of history. The semi-centennial will be celebrated Sept. 19, under the leadership of Pastor W. W. Weedon.

### A Convention in Shirtsleeves

With the thermometer registering close to 100 in the shade every day, the Illinois convention, meeting last week at Centralia, found that the only way it could make conditions tolerable at all was to take off its coat. Early in the convention Miss Lillie Faris, in beginning an address, requested all the men to remove their coats. Most of those who had not already removed theirs did so and any sense of impropriety on the part of those who were already coatless was banished by her merciful invitation.

In spite of the almost blighting heat the convention was one of the best in the history of the Illinois Missionary Society. Several innovations are worthy of mention. The business was transacted at a single session instead of being scattered in fragments through a number of sessions. The "devotional exercise" was shifted from its customary position at the opening of the sessions where it usually serves hardly more than a means of gathering the people together, to a place in the middle of the morning and afternoon sessions. It was called a service of Meditation and Prayer. Those appointed to lead came, as a rule, evidently prepared to make the service one of dignity and uplift.

#### Woman's Sessions.

There were over 400 delegates registered. The attendance of Centralia people at the sessions was not noticeably large. The writer arrived at Centralia just as the Woman's Missionary section of the convention was drawing to a close. On all lips there were enthusiastic words for the woman's program. Especially were the people responsive to the messages of Mrs. Florence Miller Black and Mrs. Catherine F. Lindsay. The latter spoke on the Missionary Social Union, the interdenominational society for whose origin she was herself responsible more than twenty years ago in Springfield and which is now spreading to many towns and cities

over the land. A prominent minister, new to the state, who heard these addresses was so impressed that he proposed in a conversation that the wisest course for the Disciples to pursue would be to turn over to the Woman's Missionary Society the task of Christian unity. They are actually making progress toward unity.

The address of the president of the convention, Professor Silas Jones of Eureka College came on Thursday evening. It was a rapid survey of the various departments of our modern life to discover whether if He should come now the Son of Man would find faith on the earth. It was a message of optimism, of courage and of warning.

It will not be possible to report the convention in detail. A series of addresses on Wednesday morning by Austin Hunter of Chicago on the "Vision and the Task," Walter S. Rounds of Arcola on "Signs of Promise in Twentieth Century Christianity," and E. W. Allen of Decatur on "The Challenge of the Church to Men of Our Times," could hardly be surpassed on any program. Each speaker dealt in big substantial facts and interpreted them with insight and vigor.

#### Educational Section.

That afternoon what was in many respects the best address of the convention was delivered by Clyde Darsie, of Jacksonville, on "Holding the Big Boy." The Sunday-school section was in session. Mr. Darsie showed rare knowledge of boy nature, a knowledge that was systematized by the study of psychology, and he spoke his unconventional thoughts with a preciseness and courage that brought conviction to every hearer. The boy held a large place in this session. Mr. Alexander of Men and Religion fame spoke twice on work among boys. His messages fitted up close to Mr. Darsie's address. Miss Lillie Faris of Cincinnati sounded a firm note for the graded Sunday-school and Charles W. Ross of Litchfield spoke earnestly on "Equipment for Christian Service." A higher order of discussion characterized this session than has been customary in the past.

President C. E. Underwood spoke for Eureka College on Wednesday evening. He laid bare the financial facts with reference to the school, discussed the necessity of standardization of the college courses and pleaded

for the state to more adequately support this institution. The small college, under church auspices, said the president, is a vital factor both in making the church and Christian society.

The addresses by I. J. Spencer of Lexington Ky., on Church Administration and Church Efficiency were said to be helpful, although we were detained from one and compelled to leave before the other, the last on the program, was delivered. Secretary I. N. McCash represented American Missions, Secretary E. E. Elliott, the Brotherhood; Fred Kline, of Illiopolis, the Benevolent Society. A capital address was that by Louis O. Lehman of Gibson City on "Christian Statesmanship." Tender words were spoken "in memoriam" by J. H. Smart of Decatur. Prominent among the ministers thus memorialized were J. H. Gilliland of Bloomington and O. W. Lawrence of Decatur. A state convention without these two figures present seemed strange indeed.

#### Informal Discussions.

In the recesses between sessions, as is always true at such gatherings, the delegates talked heart to heart about the things that agitate us. In these conversations at the dining table, in shady spots, on neighbor's lawns adjoining the church, on the hotel veranda where the coolness of the night lured the delegates to postpone sleep until the small hours, such subjects as politics, delegate conventions and the practice of Christian union furnished grist for much talk. Several straw votes were taken, the largest of which showed Roosevelt 26, Wilson 23, Chafin 13, and Taft 2. Among Illinois ministers there is a considerable socialistic tendency, though no sentiment for Debs and his party. There was a marked recurrence of the social note in the public addresses. The socialistic note came out only in the informal conversations.

Illinois preachers and church leaders are a broad-minded group of men and women. They waste no time in the small contentions of legalistic correctness, but go straight after the urgent duties of the Kingdom of God.

The reports of Secretary J. Fred Jones and the other state officers showed a good year in receipts and results. Of course, Mr. Jones, the dean of the secretaries of all the states, was reelected.

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## Church Life

### CALLS.

G. F. Peters, Indianapolis, to Elkhart, Ind. Accepts.

George W. Watson, Lima, Ohio, to Lafayette, Ind. Accepts.

C. F. Martin, Redwood Falls, Minn., to Fairmount and Madelia, Minn.

L. F. Carter, Lowry City, Mo., to Borough Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. Accepts.

### EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Des Moines, Ia., Grand View; J. M. Lowe, evangelist. Continuing.

Cameron Junction, Mo., R. H. Heicke, pastor; W. J. Minges, evangelist; 310 in 11 days.

Richmond Depot, Ky.; Wilhite and Shaul, evangelists; 123; continuing.

Logansport, Ind., J. H. Craig, pastor; Five brothers, evangelists; meeting just begun.

Gifford, Mo.; G. W. Kitchen, evangelist; 109.

### RESIGNATIONS.

J. G. Waggoner, Canton, Ill.

J. F. Ashley, Remington, Ind., to accept call to Nezperce, Idaho.

J. J. Ruppert, Audubon, Ia.

Ward Russell, Trenton, Ky.

C. P. Craig, First, Terrell, Tex.

George Ringo, Westside, Los Angeles, Cal.

The condition of Dr. T. P. Haley, of Kansas City, continues serious.

Norwood Church, Cincinnati, is planning to spend \$20,000 in improving their building.

A. D. Harmon, formerly of St. Paul, Minn., has begun his pastorate at First Church, Omaha, Neb.

F. M. Rains dedicated a new \$5,000 house of worship at Sardinia, O., the last Sunday in August, raising \$2,785 to pay indebtedness.

Secretary I. N. McCash officiated at the dedication of the new church edifice at Bator Rouge, La., last Sunday. John A. Stevens is pastor.

"The Kind of a Church That Grows" was the subject of an address delivered at a Missouri county convention by Dr. C. M. Chilton, of St. Joseph.

The church at Unionport, O., held a fiftieth anniversary celebration August 25. T. W. Pinkerton, of Kenton, was master of ceremonies. E. H. Wray is pastor.

Walter E. Harmon of Sioux City, Iowa, whose call to the church at Lawrence, Kan., was recorded in these pages recently, has decided not to accept the call because of local dissensions in Lawrence church.

Robert M. Hopkins, national Sunday-school superintendent, was seriously hurt in a runaway accident recently and has been confined to his home at Covington.

The Trades and Labor Council of East Liverpool, O., selected the Christian church as a place of worship for Labor Sunday, Sept. 1. E. P. Wise, the pastor, preached to a great host of working men that day.

Before taking up his new work as pastor at Kansas City, Kan., Elmore Sinclair took unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Esther Gunn of Ontario.

Marion County, Mo., is holding its thirty-first annual convention at Hannibal this week. Dr. H. B. Robison and Chancellor L. S. Cupp of Christian University are prominent speakers. The convention sermon is to be delivered by B. H.

Cleaver, of Shelby.

Dr. G. E. Miller of Mungeli, India, reports two baptisms from among the Bhulaw people. A new school was opened in Bhulaw a year ago. He says they expect more converts there soon.

W. C. Hull, late pastor at Pasadena, Calif., preached at Memorial Church, Chicago, Sept. 1. Mr. Hull was on his way to New York. Dr. Willett, pastor at Memorial, preached his final sermon last Sunday before sailing on his oriental tour.

Marshall T. Reeves of Columbus, Ind., has offered to give a dollar for every dollar given by others for Indiana missions up to \$5,000. The state board has set a goal of \$10,000 and Secretary Murray is putting forth every effort to get the churches of the state to accept Mr. Reeves' generous challenge.

Dr. O. P. Gifford, the well-known Baptist pastor of Boston, will deliver the Sunday evening address at the New England annual convention of Disciples, to be held at St. James Street Church, Boston, beginning Sept. 13. L. H. Stine, the pastor, has extended a hearty welcome to all Disciples to attend the services.

Of the twelve degrees of Doctor of Philosophy conferred by the University of Chicago last week two were received by well-known Disciple educators, J. B. Eskridge, for some years professor in Texas Christian University and now president of Texas Normal College, and Charles M. Sharpe, lately Dean of the Bible College of Missouri and now professor in the Disciples Divinity House of the University of Chicago.

Mr. Hoh Chwen Gwan, a splendid young Christian man twenty-three years of age, is now in the Y. M. C. A. special training in Chicago. He is a devoted member of the Christian church. He was baptized by F. E. Meigs at Nankin. For eight years he was in the Christian College at Nankin, now University of Nankin. After finishing his present course he expects to take medical training. Mr. Hoh stands high as a student and as a consecrated Christian man.

Kirkville, Mo., church, W. D. Endres, pastor, reports an encouraging year. Sunday-school; Junior, Intermediate and Senior Christian Endeavor Societies; the Helping Hand Society; Ladies' Organized Work; and the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary were all active and fruitful. Funds amounting to \$5,084.25 were raised for all purposes, of which \$430 was for missions and benevol-

ences. A new pipe organ, the best in that section of Missouri, was installed and considerable repairs made on the church edifice. Ninety-eight persons were added to the membership, a net gain of sixty-five.

The following characteristic item appeared in the parish bulletin of Vincennes, Ind., church, of which E. F. Daugherty is pastor: "Folklore tells of a minister whose people surprised him with a donation party, and whose wife the same week presented him a new daughter. Two wagering wags in his flock made a private bet over which the parson would be thankful for first, in his Sunday morning prayer, donations or babe. The wager was declared off when the first prayer phrase of the parson rolled forth, 'Oh, Lord, we thank Thee for the timely succor coming to our home since last we met.' So feels this congregation's shepherd over the new daughter at the manse."

On his return from his vacation H. J. Loken was greeted by about 250 of his Berkeley, Calif., parishioners at a social reception in the church. The occasion was called a home coming, and speeches of welcome and enthusiasm were made by a number of the members, including Professor H. H. Guy of the Pacific Union Theological Seminary, and by Mr. Loken. Plans for enlargement were discussed with joyfulness and optimism. R. A. Berry, chairman of the official board, dwelt with emphasis upon the duty of the church to be the radiating center of moral energy and sympathy for the community. The outlook is bright for a great year's work. That Berkeley church has kept its unity in the face of strong effort from the outside to divide it proves its Christian mettle and promises greater successes for the future. There have been fifteen accessions since the pastor's return from vacation.

### Institutional Church

A modern gymnasium, including shower baths and bowling alleys, will be a conspicuous part of the new church, Flatbush, L. I. The structure itself will cost \$22,000 and will be so equipped as to afford the pastor, R. M. Gordon, opportunity to demonstrate the moral value of a pet theory, which he describes as "muscular Christianity." It is expected that the bowling alleys will draw many men who spend their time in less desirable surroundings. Work on the new edifice will commence shortly.

### A Clever and Effective Turn

J. F. Canby, pastor at Urichsville, O., makes a clever and unanswerable turn to the proposal to build a non-sectarian hospital in his city. He believes that such a hospital is needed and pledges himself to work ardently for it. "But," he pertinently asks, "how is it that we discover the need of a non-sectarian treatment of the body but still cling to and defend a sectarian treatment of

## William Woods College

is ready for the opening of school, September 18. Are you? Everything is spick and span from the swings on the campus to the new silverware in the dining-room. Girls are coming from almost everywhere. We have a place for you if you hurry and deposit \$10 to hold your room. This deposit is not an extra expense. Decide now to come to Fulton and attend this growing, remarkable college for young women. White President Joseph L. Garvin, Desk "Y," Fulton, Mo.

A Christian college over twenty-two years old with 3,400 matriculates, and class "A" standards.

the soul? If a non-sectarian hospital is a good thing, and it is, would not a non-sectarian church be a good thing also? And if we were to preach the simple gospel of the New Testament, and abandon all other teaching and names not contained therein, would there be any sectarianism? If it is important for us all to unite and work together for the healing of the body, how much more for the healing of the soul?"

#### Steps Toward Union in a Texas Town.

In the town of Anson, Tex., practical steps have been taken under the leadership of J. E. Chase to effect a working union of northern and southern Presbyterian and Disciple forces. Mr. Chase had been invited by the struggling band of Disciples to hold a meeting. He preached much on Christian unity, declaring that faith in Christ is the sole New Testament test of fellowship. The Presbyterians voluntarily requested him to submit a plan of union, if he had one. He did so. It was adopted unanimously by the Disciples and is under advisement by the Presbyterians with favorable prospects for its adoption by them. Mr. Chase's plan follows closely the outline subscribed to by the Disciple and Congregational Commissions on Christian Unity. It proposes to retain intact the denominational organizations, but to create a union congregation of which they shall be the constituent parts. Into this union church converts will be received by public profession of faith in Christ. If the convert so elects, he may unite with any one of the constituent organizations and be received in accordance with the customary procedure of that organization. A wisely worded provision is that relating to the choice of a minister. The united congregation "shall make diligent search for a minister who will respect his position and not abuse the same, who will without partiality faithfully minister to the united congregation. The sole object of his preaching shall be the salvation of the unsaved and the cultivation and development of the spiritual life of the members. Everything tending to sectarian dogma shall be withheld." The heaven is working. There will be many more such instances. Plans may differ, but the common purpose is too strong and, at last, too intelligent to be hindered by any mere technical difficulties that stand in the way.

#### Shall We Make Good?

Our 8,000 Sunday-schools were asked to give, during the year 1911-1912, for American Home Missions, \$35,000. On September 1 there were 2,154 schools that had sent \$29,064.33. During September we are earnestly striving to secure the remaining \$5,935.47 to make good our record when the books close September 30. Let every school respond promptly. Many have sent no offering at all. Some have sent a part of their offering for the year. Let all respond that we may reach the desired goal before we gather in the general convention at Louisville, October 15-22.

Send all offerings marked plainly from the Sunday-school to the American Christian Missionary Society, 108 Carew Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### Getting the Million

The newspapers cannot possibly give space for all the good news about getting the million for church extension. Two recent gifts of five hundred dollars and two thousand dollars have put us within \$32,000 of the million mark. Our brethren of means should

be sending large personal gifts in September, and those of moderate means should give according to ability that all may share in the final victory.

The first reports from the churches show a decided increase. The first three to report are Hammond, Gary, and Indiana Harbor, Indiana. Hammond will send \$75. They raise this amount and at the same time will pay a note due the Board of Church Extension on October 1, of \$2,000 with \$200 of interest. Gary sends \$40 and Indiana Harbor \$20. All of these double their apportionments and Gary quadrupled theirs. All three of these churches were aided by church extension loans and are working diligently to return them.

E. F. Daugherty, pastor at Vincennes, Indiana, writes: "In my county of Knox we devote a whole month to the benevolences jointly supported. That means our extension offering will be forwarded to get into the great final push. There are thirteen or fourteen churches in the county." Now, if we had such complete work as that going on in every county we would have a unification most devoutly to be wished for, and our missionary work would be reduced to the minimum expense while we would get the maximum results.

W. S. Priest of Wichita, Kansas, writes that they expect to send \$500 from the Wichita churches.

The church at Hutchinson, Kansas, has sent \$500. Several Name Fund churches report their full amount raised. Tucson, Arizona, just having completed a new building, instead of writing that "we cannot take the offering" writes, "I am sure we will not fail to take the offering and we will raise our apportionment. You know our new building has drained us, but I have never yet failed to take the offering for church extension." If Tucson can send its apportionment under such circumstances surely no church in the brotherhood need fail in helping to complete the million for Church Extension in September.

J. W. Yoho of the Madison Avenue Church, Huntington, West Va., says: "I am proposing to send an offering to Church Extension from our little congregation. We want to be in on so good a thing as reaching a million for Church Extension." This church is also struggling to build.

It is hoped that all the congregations that are helping by their offerings will get them to Kansas City by September 30. Remit to G. W. Muckley, 603 New England Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

#### From Indiana's Secretary

The one thing of chief concern now is the offering for Home Missions from the churches that have not yet contributed this year. The year closes September 30. Many of our best churches have delayed the offering until September. We trust that it will not now be neglected. We ought to have offerings from one hundred churches this month. Some of our preachers are still indifferent toward this work. Two brethren in the office the other day said their preacher preaches missions but never takes the offering. Brethren, give the people an opportunity to give. Make it easy for them to give. Set the example by giving in the public service as one of them. Preach it, teach it and practice it in their presence and they will surprise you by their ready response. Take the offering at the first opportunity and send it promptly to the A. C. M. S., 108 Carew Building, Cincinnati.

L. E. MURRAY, Cor. Sec'y.  
Indianapolis.

#### Before Louisville—Our Obligation

The unpaid balance due the Federal Council of Churches ought to be paid before we go to Louisville. Whatever we have in which to rejoice there will be shadowed by the remembrance of this debt. What will it profit to be great among ourselves and be small among our brethren of the church universal?

The original obligation was \$2,000 for the years of 1911 and 1912. Seven hundred dollars of indebtedness on 1911 will be forgiven by the Federal Council if we meet the amount due this year—\$1,300.

The account now stands as follows:

Previously reported .....	\$448.60
W. F. Reagor, Portland, Ore. ....	10.00
C. M. Chilton, St. Joe, Mo. ....	25.00
S. E. Fisher, Champaign, Ill. ....	5.00
F. E. Smith, Cedar Rapids, Ia. ....	5.00
B. S. Ferrall, Buffalo, N. Y. ....	1.00
Geo. L. Peters, Springfield, Mo. ....	5.05
Herbert L. Willett, Chicago, Ill. ....	25.00
Mrs. F. A. Shepherd, Cleveland, O. ..	1.00
Senator L. L. Taylor, Centerville, Ia. ....	5.00

Total ..... \$530.65

Let all payments be made to me and the funds will be credited to the Christian Union Commission. FINIS S. IDLEMAN.

Des Moines, Ia.

#### Benevolent Association News

The demand made upon the association by the churches for the care of their aged, indigent members increases. Every day brings its urgent appeals. Someone writes, "We have an aged sister here, a life-long member of the church, left alone in the world without means for her support. The church is unable to provide for her. Can she be admitted to one of our homes for the aged?" Another writes, "One of our dear old brethren will be compelled to go to the poorhouse if we can not place him in one of the homes sustained by our brethren." Still another writes, "I have been caring for an aged, invalid sister in the church for a number of years. I have grown old. Circumstances have changed with me. I can no longer carry the burden. This sister has been a faithful member of the church. We would like to put her into one of the homes of the association." These are just a few samples of the many letters that are received almost every day. These do not come as a result of solicitation on the part of the association. Experience has taught us that to advertise an open door means to welcome no end of abuses and to burden the church with the care of unworthy and undeserving people. Since the churches are sustaining the homes of the association, the persons received are received upon the recommendation of the

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churches. The association is not making a business of caring for people. It is the agent of the churches in the care of their deserving poor.

Women with children make daily application to our homes for the care of children for shelter and support. And the proper handling of these appeals requires the wisdom of the serpent and the kindness and harmlessness of the dove. Experience has taught us that for purely selfish, unholy reasons women often seek asylum for themselves and homes for their children in the homes sustained by the church. Disagreement between husband and wife; desire to be free from family obligation of home keeping; or the privilege of residence in a large city; or to save the family treasury temporarily for some selfish end; and a thousand and one other considerations of like character prompt women to make application to have their children boarded at less than the actual cost in our homes. Hence at a time like this when the association is being besieged with applications it takes the rarest wisdom to save the churches from abuse and to prevent the encouragement of wrong-doing, and at the same time extend a helping hand to every deserving woman and child.

There are about 525 persons, 75 aged and 540 children, in the eleven homes of the association that must be supported. These are all dependents. This number does not include hospital patients, for the vast majority of these should pay their own way. This number includes persons sent to the home by the churches, and therefore deserving, without question, of our support. It takes money to feed and clothe and care for a family of this magnitude. The association needs the money and needs it badly. Brethren, these are your wards. Will you help sustain them? JAS. H. MOHORTER.

### Safety in Strength

(Continued from page 8.)

thou me up. Make me spiritually strong, robust, buoyant, springy, full of virility, and I shall be safe."

The only safeguard in time of plague is robustness. The epidemic is more dangerous when we are run down. We always invite the enemy, when we are below par. Lapse into weakness is an invitation to the plague. And the principle is equally applicable in the realm of the soul. The only defence against the double-minded, and the evil-minded, is robustness. "Hold Thou me up in health, good Lord, and I shall be safe."

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The name of Mr. Gladstone will be held in honor through many generations of English history, when all party spirit has sunk and subsided into the ill-memory of forgotten days. Throughout his strenuous life his countrymen knew his nobility and in his private journal, written not for mortal eyes, we find an acknowledgment of his complete dependence upon God amid the trials and troubles of his strenuous life. It is the prayer of the Psalmist, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." Psalmist and statesman alike drank of the river of his pleasure, drank of the fountain of his grace, and both were blessed and helped of God.

These are our resources, yours and mine. If you are on the troubled way, if you are walking over a stony, flinty, difficult road, and you feel yourself beset and in a tight place, then with all my heart and mind and soul I say to you, lift up your tired eyes. If you never prayed before, pray today, and just say, "O Lord God, Hold thou me up;" and I promise you, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, you shall be safe.

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HILL M. BELL, President,

Drake University.

Des Moines, Iowa

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The sixty-fourth year of Missouri Christian College, Camden Point, Missouri, opens September 9th. From present prospects this will be a very prosperous school year. Many young women are preparing to enter college. The members of the faculty have enjoyed a fine summer of retreat and study and return ready for another year's successful work.

Principal and Mrs. Yokley have been on the field for some time getting hold of the work. These are good people thoroughly competent to look after the domestic and educational life of the young women who enter the college. Their thorough Christian character will have a very wholesome influence upon the student body.

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